

THERE'S A RIGHT WAY TO BURN CANDLES

Holly Bowman

softened and sheltered

her wax remains pooled residing in his center emit a dazed scent

she adores but can't love her wick is well worn
she's grasping for height but slick shrinks and clings

to his walls layered and frail
the pool grows with intent shape lays merely in the remnants of his edges
a flame sleeps out of reach thaws him angled and obliquely

mellifluous chords prosper as she dims

atramentous remains
in the wax

she will swim

